

ORIENTAL
ECLOGUES

[Price One Shilling.]

ORIGINAL
ECOLOGUES
OF THE
FABLES OF LA FONTAINE

[Price One Shilling.]

O R I E N T A L
E C C L O G U E S.

Written originally for the

11630. B. 6
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E N T E R T A I N M E N T
O F T H E
L A D I E S o f T A U R I S.

And now translated.

— *Ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.* VIRG. GEORG. Lib. 1.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. PAYNE, at POPE'S HEAD, in PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

M D C C L V I I.

ORIGINAL
ECLIPSES

Written originally for the

ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

LADIES OF T A U R I S.

And now translated.

— The printer's Office of the Author, Vero. C. G. 1811.

L O N D O N:
Printed by J. PAYNE, at the PATER-NOSTER-HOUSE.
M DCCC XI



T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT is with the writings of mankind, in some measure, as with their complexions or their drefs; each nation hath a peculiarity in all these, to distinguish it from the rest of the world.

THE gravity of the Spaniard, and the levity of the Frenchman, are as evident in all their productions as in their persons themselves; and the style of my countrymen

trymen is as naturally strong and nervous, as that of an ARABIAN or PERSIAN is rich and figurative.

THERE is an elegancy and wildness of thought which recommends all their compositions; and our genius's are as much too cold for the entertainment of such sentiments, as our climate is for their fruits and spices. If any of these beauties are to be found in the following ECLOGUES, I hope my reader will consider them as an argument of their being original. I received them at the hands of a merchant, who had made it his business to enrich himself with the learning, as well as the silks and carpets of the PERSIANS. The little information I could gather concerning their author, was, that his name was ABDALLAH, and that he was a native of Tauris.

IT was in that city that he died of a distemper fatal in those parts, whilst he was engaged in celebrating the victories of his favourite monarch, the great ABBAS.* As to the ECLOGUES themselves, they give a very just view of the miseries and inconveniences, as well as the felicities, that attend one of the finest countries in the East.

THE time of writing them was probably in the beginning of Sha Sultan Hosseyn's reign, the successor of Sefi or Solyman the second.

WHATEVER defects, as, I doubt not, there will be many, fall under the reader's observation, I hope his candour will incline him to make the following reflection:

THAT

* IN the Persian tongue, ABBAS signifieth "the father of the people."

THAT the works of Orientals contain many peculiarities, and that, through defect of language, few European translators can do them justice.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE the FIRST.

SELIM; or, the Shepherd's MORAL.

SCENE, a Valley near BAGDAT.

TIME, the MORNING.

YE Perfian maids, attend your poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains :
 Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

THUS SELIM sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd ;
 Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd :
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;

B

Or

Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

WHEN sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away;
By 'Tigris' wand'ring waves he fate, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

YE Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heav'n can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth * Balfora's pearls display;

* The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl-fishery.

Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
 But, dark within, they drink no lust'rous light:
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
 Each tender passion man delights to find,
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

BLEST were the days, when WISDOM held her reign,
 And shepherds fought her on the silent plain;
 With TRUTH she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal TRUTH, and daughters blest'd their love.

O HASTE, fair maids! ye VIRTUES come away,
 Sweet PEACE and PLENTY lead you on your way!
 The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

LOST to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 The dear deserters shall return again.
 Come thou whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 To lead the train, sweet MODESTY appear :
 Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen,
 With thee be CHASTITY, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wife suspicious maid ;
 But man the most — not more the mountain doe
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
 Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew ;
 A filken veil conceals her from the view.
 No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
 Desponding MEEKNESS with her down-cast eyes,
 And friendly PITY full of tender sighs ;
 And LOVE the last : By these your hearts approve,
 These are the virtues that must lead to love.

THUS

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay :
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and SELIM blest'd his song.

The End of the FIRST ECLOGUE.

C

ECLOGUE

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ECLOGUE the SECOND.

HASSAN; or, the Camel-driver.

SCENE, the Defart.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN filent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver HASSAN with his camels past.
One cruife of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !

With

With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice figh'd, thrice strook his breast, and thus began :

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

AH ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
Bethink thee, HASSAN, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

YE mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and fickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

CURST be the gold and silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
 The lilly-peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore :
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
 And are we only yet repay'd by thee ?
 Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
 Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song ?
 Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! ”

O CEASE, my fears ! — All frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,

D

What

What if the lion in his rage I meet ! —

Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :

And fearful ! oft, when day's declining light

Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,

By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,

Gaunt wolves and fullen tygers in his train :

Before them death with shrieks directs their way,

Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! ”

AT that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,

If ought of rest I find, upon my sleep :

Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,

And wake to anguish with a burning wound.

Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,

From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !

They tempt no desarts, and no griefs they find ;

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! ”

O HAPLESS

O HAPLESS youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender ZARA, will be most undone !
 Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'ful maid,
 When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said :
 " Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 " Whom ZARA's breaking heart implor'd in vain !
 " Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise,
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
 " Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see,
 " No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
 O let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and ZARA's tears.

HE said, and call'd on heav'n to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

The End of the SECOND ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE

[The page contains faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

ECLOGUE the THIRD.

ABRA; or, the Georgian Sultana.

SCENE, a Forest.

TIME, the EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' tow'rs are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While ev'ning dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maze at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
EMYRA sung the pleasing cares of love.

OF ABRA first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:

E

At

At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lillies rear them in the wat'ry mead;
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of od'rous flow'rs she made:
 * Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet-blue that on the moss-bank grows;
 All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
 The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

GREAT ABBAS chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away;
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
 At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

“Be ev'ry youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 “And ev'ry Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!”

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia; see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

THE royal lover bore her from the plain;
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
 Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
 And bad that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
 To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
 Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
 With love delight thee, and with ABBAS reign.

"Be ev'ry youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 "And ev'ry Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!"

YET midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
 Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale, and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
 And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:

Some

Some fimple lay, of flocks and herds they fung;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

“ Be ev’ry youth like royal ABBAS mov’d,

“ And ev’ry Georgian maid like ABRA lov’d !”

AND oft the royal lover left the care

And thorns of fate, attendant on the fair;

Oft to the fhades and low-roof’d cots retir’d,

Or fought the vale where firft his heart was fir’d:

A ruffet mantle, like a fwain, he wore,

And thought of crowns and bufy courts no more.

“ Be ev’ry youth like royal ABBAS mov’d,

“ And ev’ry Georgian maid like ABRA lov’d !”

BLEST was the life, that royal ABBAS led:

Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.

What if in wealth the noble maid excel;

The fimple shepherd girl can love as well.

Let thofe who rule on Perfia’s jewell’d throne,

Be fam’d for love, and gentleft love alone;

Or wreath, like ABBAS, full of fair renown,

The lover’s myrtle, with the warrior’s crown.

O happy

O happy days! the maids around her say;

O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!

“ Be ev’ry youth, like royal ABBAS, mov’d;

“ And ev’ry Georgian maid, like ABRA, lov’d!”

The End of the THIRD ECLOGUE.

F

ECLOGUE

And every Georgian wife, the African love!
 Of every youth imperial Ameer, reward!
 O haste! profuse of blessings, haste away!
 O happy days! the world's around her day!

The End of the Third Season

U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

ECLOGUE the FOURTH.

A G I B and S E C A N D E R;
or, the Fugitives.

S C E N E, a Mountain in Circassia.

T I M E, M I D N I G H T.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.

Along

Along the mountain's bending fides they ran,
Till faint and weak SECANDER thus began.

SECANDER.

O STAY thee, AGIB, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we try'd!
And last this lofty mountain's weary fide!

AGIB.

WEAK as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conqu'ring flame:

Far

Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

UNHAPPY land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
In vain thou court'st him, helpless to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !
Far off in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind :
'Midst fair Sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

YET these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !
No more the virgins shall delight to rove,
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale :

G

Fair

Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possesst,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherds' whit'ning tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;
 No more the date with snowy blossoms crown'd !
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

IN vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair !
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

YE Georgian swains that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair :
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.

Wild

Wild as his land, in native desarts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
 Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

111749

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